



EERIE
#17
SEPT

EERIE

PDC

A WARREN MAGAZINE

**ILLUSTRATED
TERROR AND
SUSPENCE
AWAIT YOU
IN THIS
ISSUE...**



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A STRANGE
CURSE FROM
BEYOND TIME IN
"DRESSED
TO KILL"**

40¢

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EERIE

SEPT. 1968
NO. 17

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

EDITOR: BILL PARENTE

COVER: BARRY ROCKWELL **ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** TONY WILLIAMS, ERNIE COLÓN, FRANK BOLLE, TOM SUTTON, STEVE DITKO, REED CRANDALL

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: ROY KRENKEL, ARCHIE GOODWIN, RAYMOND MARAIS



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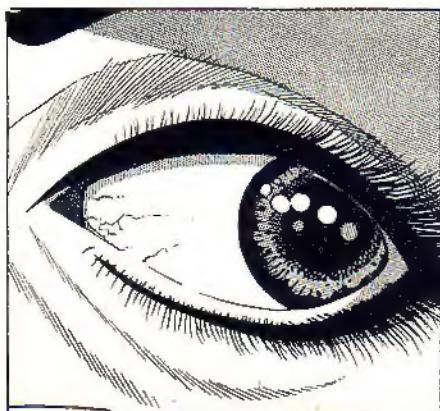
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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



Welcome back Cousin Eerie and Uncle Creepy! After suffering through countless reprints, I see you've returned, sick jokes, inter-magazine feuding and all. And I've heard rumors that by the summer we'll be seeing all new material. Great! Now on to EERIE #15. Vic Prezio did a fine cover painting, he's no Frazetta or Morrow but who is? "The Graves of Oconoco" was very good and "The Demon Wakes" rated as one of the top stories of the ish. Tony Williamson's artwork reminds me of stuff done by Bill Fracchio and Tony Tallerico for Charlton. This leads me to believe that he is really one of these two men. Am I right? "The Doll Collector" was good and the artist shows much promise. "A Change In The Moon" was second best and would have been more interesting if Jones had used more detail in his backgrounds. I hope to see more improvements as EERIE and CREEPY grow older and congratulations on returning to all new material.

TONY ISABELLA,
Cleveland, Ohio



Actually if you want to know the truth... writhing Tony Williamson is BOTH of those guys... created through the miracle of modern science. A stitch here... a twitch there... but then... do I ever tell the truth? As for Jones and more details... I dunno if I'd enjoy them as much as his wolf tales...

Concerning issue #15 of this month's EERIE, the cover was quite an eye catcher and restored my faith in Prezio. I assumed when I got your mag that this would be another reprint issue but to my happy surprise I found I had

not read most of the stories before. The tale illustrated by Jeff Jones was great, I have never seen a style which appealed to me instantly such as his did. "The Demon Wakes" was a great story with excellent artwork. Otto Binder's masterpiece was complimented by Morrow's astonishing talent. His interpretation of the vampire was a new concept in terror and totally welcome. In all the issue was very nice, much better than CREEPY'S latest mess. Keep killing him Cuz! MICHAEL MASTERSON, Arlington Heights, Ill.



Hmm... you don't happen to have a cousin who's a "Bat" do you Masterson... or could that be the reason for your inane interest in mind-muddling Morrow's, murderous mammal? Can't say I agree with you about Prezio's perplexing, portal piece... I figured it more of a "doll" catcher myself but, I will agree that my creeping competitor is crumbling under the constant barrage of my brain busting book brilliancy... what'd you expect?

I must congratulate you on EERIE #15, it was not the best issue you've done but it was in comparison to the last three issues... TREMENDOUS! Vic Prezio is a good cover artist but he doesn't compare to Frank Frazetta. His cover was good but it didn't terrorize me enough. I sure missed "Monster Gallery" this ish but from what I've been reading in your letters page, I'm expecting some good stuff in upcoming editions. "The Doll Collector" was terrible in art and plot but on the other hand, "A Change In The Moon" was great, fabulous! "The Demon Wakes" was drawn perfectly, use Tony Williamson more often. Only two reprints this last issue, good but I don't expect any next time. Would you answer a question for me; how old are you? I read where Uncle Creepy was born in your fiendish fourth issue, but where were you born?

ED HEDLESTON,
Center Point, Ala.



Keep your head... Ed. I've got an appalling portfolio of poisonous pictures for my gripping MONSTER GALLERY... as soon as the blood and gore glue dries... you'll be seeing these priceless pen portraits. Meanwhile keep trying to guess how old my deteriorating derma is and I'll keep delivering my demon drivel to you devilish druids.

I just finished reading EERIE #15 and I thought it

was terrible, even my pet spiders laughed. What ever happened to the stories about vampires and werewolf monsters you used to have, now those were what you could call terrific. I haven't missed an issue of EERIE since #4 and, I wish you would get on the upswing again. I thought "The Doll Collector" was a terrible story, it was dull and babyish. I know you can do better than that. "Wardrobe Of Monsters" was the best story in the whole magazine although "Under The Skin" was pretty good also. I liked the ending to "The Demon Wakes" but that was all I liked about it. I would sure like to see some good tales in your book again but even so, don't worry about me buying your mag. I'll go to the grave reading your books.

TOM MEILANDER,
Rochester, Minn.



So... you got a "graving" for more creature culture huh Tom? Well... don't get your gizzard, giddy... fretting over our mouth foaming frenzies! Just keep your bulging blinkers, beamed in on our brutal bookwork for more, monster misery.

I just picked up a copy of EERIE #15 and the cover was fabulous! Most of the stories were good but "Graves of Oconoco" was truly a masterpiece. Pat Boyette and Rocke Mastroserio did a sensational job on it. "Under My Skin" was the best story of the ish. Joe Orlando is my favorite artist with the exception of Reed Crandall! I am waiting to see the new tales you picked up in Transylvania and I do hope you'll find good artists to illustrate them. Here is some good news for you. CREEPY does not even appear here at my favorite magazine counter, isn't that great for you? Well good luck on the new stuff.

JIM LABATARD
Gautier, Miss.



All that sickening, story slime I brought back from my home town I "dug" up Jim... as for that revolting relative of mine, chickening out at the candy, counter competition... if he DID happen to show his foul face around your fear front'er, he'd bite the dust faster than a vampire could sink his incisors into a square meal! Just ask about him and see!!!

EERIE #15 was a good and a bad issue. Some of the stories were up to par, some were not. One thing I happily noticed, there were only a couple of reprints. AMAZING! Finally you've stopped with reprints or at least cut them down to a minimum. The

cover of this ish was excellent. Prezio is really good! My choice for the best story was a reprint, "Wardrobe Of Monsters" and "The Demon Wakes" was at the bottom of the list. What happened to Jeff Jones's art in this issue, it looks like he drew it with his eyes closed.

MIKE HUDAK,
Cleveland, Ohio



Not at all pen pal... it's just that jarring Jeff had difficulty depicting his doom-doodles in the dim light of our den-dungeon... it drives our salivating staff batty you know. Anyway thanx for the score lore you sent... nice to hear you enjoyed my latest game of gore grammar.

Boy is your Uncle Creepy mixed up! I subscribed to his magazine and it took almost seven months before I received my first issue. I had given up hope when I suddenly got issue #20. Then came #19 and #18! Since I am getting all the back issues backwards, why didn't I receive my 1968 Yearbook which came out between issues #18 and #19?

JOEL TYLER,
Saratoga, Calif.



Just like that knome-domed nitwit... he thinks by back tracking his horror packing, he'll get younger! The old, mold... why another century or two and there'll be nothing left of him but a mound of mangled memory dust! To get sloppily serious for a second... our seething subscription department has been "buried" for the past seven months under a pile of monstrous, mail work. Since then we've thrown some fresh flesh to the groaning ghouls in there and they've promised to serve you the remainder of your sickening subscription... quick like. For the rest of you eager urchins... please allow at least EIGHT weeks for your overloading orders to process. All subscribers receive six shrieking editions and although this doesn't include our yelling Yearbook... since you've waited do long Joel... we're forwarding a frightful bonus in advance. A free copy of our next, noxious Yearbook... on sale June 20th! And all the gang here at ghoul city thank you for being a most patient... patient.

Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 17,
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017

COME ALONG NOW, KIDDIES! TIME TO LOOK IN ON THE BRIGHT WORLD OF TOMORROW! FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, THINGS ARE LOOKING ROSY RED-DEEP ROSY RED! HEE, HEE!! THIS IS THE STORY OF....



THE

FINAL SOLUTION

BLOOD!! HOW MY SOUL SLAVERS FOR THESE HOT, DELICIOUS DRAUGHTS!!





YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST
KILLING, VAMPIRE!

KORGEN!
NO!!

THAT'S ONE
VAMPIRE WE'LL
NEVER HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
AGAIN!

KORGEN OF BROON CITY, THE MAN WHO HAS TURNED THE WEAPONS OF MODERN SCIENCE AGAINST THE ANCIENT FORCES OF CHAOS AND DARKNESS! THE MAN WHO HAS ALL BUT EXTERMINATED THE MINIONS OF GLOOM FROM THE WORLD!





COME IN, MR. VAIDO!
EVERYONES WAITING
ANXIOUSLY TO SEE
YOU...?



WELCOME, MR.
VAIDO! HOW
GLAD WE ARE
THAT YOU CAME!

HUH?



I DON'T KNOW IF
I CAN SAY IT'S MUTUAL!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

EXCELLENT! MR.
VAIDO HAS NO FEAR OF
US WHATEVER! HE'S A
SUPREMELY SELF-
CONFIDENT MAN!

THIS, MR. VAIDO, IS A CONCLAVE OF ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE FORCES OF DARKNESS ON THIS PLANET. VAMPIRES, GHOULS, SORCERERS AND WITCHES ... ONLY THE WEREWOLVES ARE ABSENT! THEY'RE QUITE UNFIT FOR CIVILIZED DISCUSSION ... ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, THAT IS!

OUR NUMBERS ARE PITIFULLY SMALL! CIVILIZATION HAS TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL ... ROLLING OVER US LIKE A SHINY JUGGERNAUT, YOU MIGHT SAY! IN THE VANGUARD OF THIS PROCESSION IS THE MOST RUTHLESS SWINE IN ALL THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD ... MARSHALL KORGEN OF BROON!

KORGEN'S CRUSADE MUST BE STOPPED! BUT, HIS KNOWLEDGE AND POWER ARE TOO GREAT FOR US!!

WE'RE ONLY FREE TO ACT BY NIGHT! BY DAYLIGHT, KORGEN'S GUARD WOULD BE MORE RELAXED...



I SEE !! AND WHAT'S
THE PRICE KORGEN'S
DEATH?

WE'RE PREPARED
TO OFFER YOU A
MILLION ERG-NOTES!

HMMM! THAT'S
THE KIND OF DEAL
A MAN HAS TO TAKE
SERIOUSLY MR. TJOFF!

TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE BRIGHT
HOURS OF EARLY MORNING...

KORGEN'S GOT QUITE
A PLACE FOR HIMSELF
HERE! BUT MY PREPARATIONS
WILL GET ME THROUGH
HIS DEFENSES.

WITH SPEED AND FEROCITY, VAIDO MAKES
HIS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE NEAR
EMPTY BUILDING, UNTIL ...

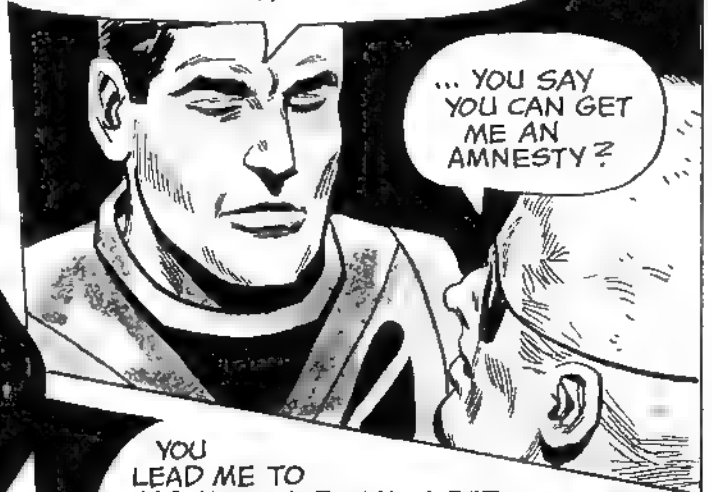
EVEN A TWO-
BIT HOTEL
DETECTIVE
WOULD BE ON
TO ME BY NOW!

HOLD IT
RIGHT....
ARRGH!



WAIT! I RECOGNIZE YOU!
VAIDO-TOR VAIDO! ONE OF
THE BEST FIGHTING MEN
I'VE EVER SEEN!

DON'T BETRAY MANKIND, VAIDO!
THERE'S MORE TO A GOOD FIGHTING
MAN THAN JUST BRUTALITY! THERE'S
LOYALTY, TOO. LISTEN TO
MY OFFER !!



... YOU SAY
YOU CAN GET
ME AN
AMNESTY?

YOU
LEAD ME TO
THE MONSTER WHO HIRED
YOU, AND I'LL HAVE YOU
PARADED THROUGH EVERY
CAPITAL ON THE GLOBE AS
A **HERO**! I
SWEAR IT!

THUS, THAT VERY EVENING...

TJOFF, YOU HAVEN'T
A CHANCE AGAINST
MODERN SCIENCE!

THAT'S WHY WE
DECIDED TO **DESTROY**
YOUR WONDERFUL AND
VIRTUOUS CIVILIZATION!
LISTEN! CAN'T YOU
HEAR THEM... THE
EXPLOSIONS?
YOU SEE...

WE'VE SABOTAGED EVERY ATOMIC REACTOR IN
THE WORLD! AT THIS VERY MOMENT, A NEW AGE
IS BEING USHERED IN... A DARK AGE OF
CHAOS, HORROR AND BLOODSHED!



AND NOW...
MARSHALL KORGEN...
LET US CELEBRATE THE
NEW MILLENNIUM, SHALL WE?

WITH AN ORGY
OF **DEATH!**

WE ONLY HIRED MR. VAIDO
TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED DURING
THESE LAST, FATEFUL HOURS... AND
TO BE SURE YOU WERE SAFELY IN
OUR PRECINCTS WHEN THE
EXPLOSIONS OCCURRED!



≡SNIFF≡ EXCUSE ME! SENTIMENTAL
ENDINGS ALWAYS MAKE
ME CRY! I'LL BE
OKAY IN A
MINUTE...!!



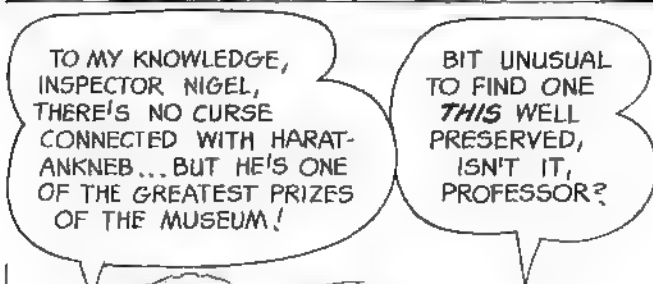


COME ON, **CULTURE VULTURES**, COUSIN EERIE'S GONNA BROADEN YOUR BRAIN WITH A TRIP TO THE MUSEUM! SOUNDS DULL? DON'T BE TOO SURE... BECAUSE IN THIS PARTICULAR MUSEUM...

THE MUMMY STALKS!



NEXT DAY...



"NO ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION FOUND HIS TOMB, BUT A CREW OF ENGINEERS, BLASTING A DAM SITE... IT WAS FAR REMOVED FROM ANY BURIAL GROUNDS, UNMARKED, TOTALLY OBSCURED... COMPLETELY HIDDEN..."



"NATIVE WORKERS FLED THE SITE AND COULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO RETURN UNTIL LONG AFTER THE MUMMY HAD BEEN SHIPPED TO ENGLAND! IT WAS MY GOOD FORTUNE TO HAVE BEEN DIGGING SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH... I WAS CALLED UPON TO INSPECT THE TOMB..."

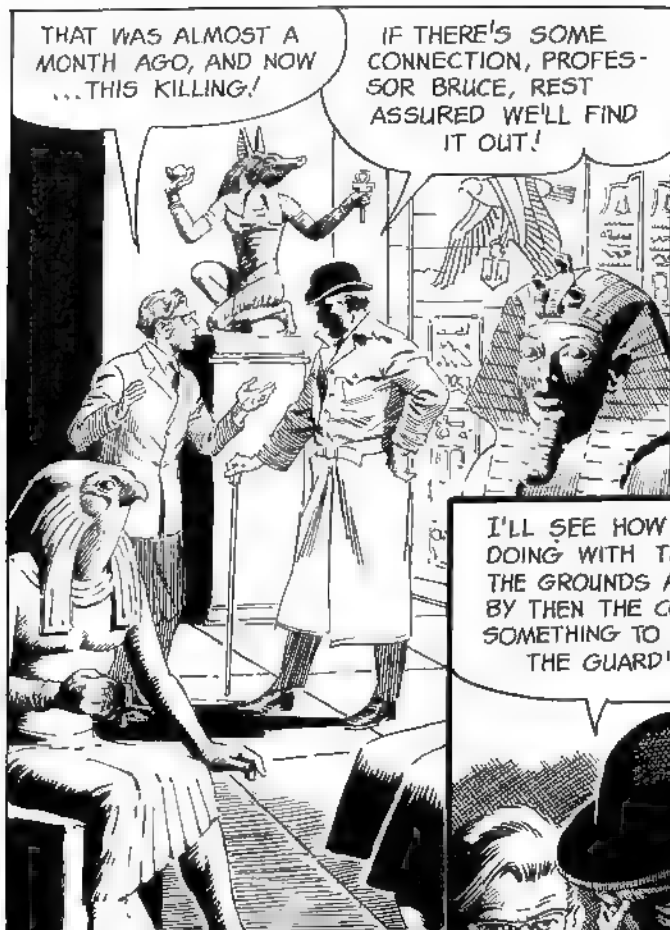


"IT WAS SINGULAR! NO INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS, NO EFFECTS OF THE DECEASED... NOTHING COMMON TO AN EGYPTIAN TOMB! NOT EVEN A *SOUL DOOR* FOR THE DEPARTING SPIRIT! JUST THE SARCOPHAGUS BEARING HARAT'S NAME..."



"BUT THE UNCONVENTIONALITIES OF THE TOMB WERE FORGOTTEN WHEN I PRIED OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS... THE MARVELS OF EGYPTIAN EMBALMING ASIDE, THE PRESERVATION WAS FANTASTIC! LIKE SOMETHING BURIED FOR 100 YEARS, NOT 3,000! THE FIND OF A CENTURY!"





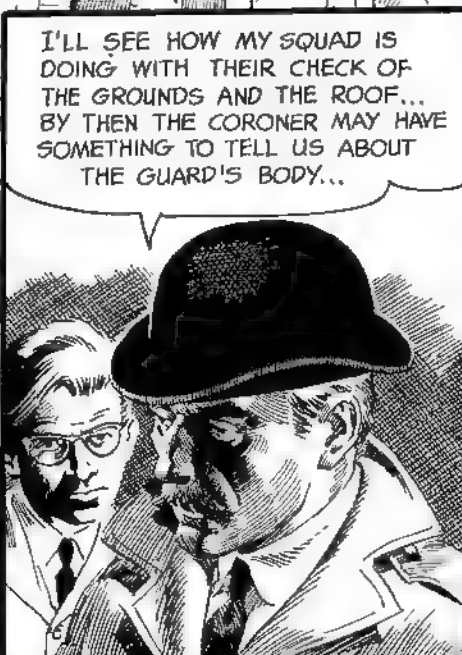
THAT WAS ALMOST A MONTH AGO, AND NOW ...THIS KILLING!

IF THERE'S SOME CONNECTION, PROFESSOR BRUCE, REST ASSURED WE'LL FIND IT OUT!



SERGEANT! I WANT A MAN ON DUTY IN THIS WING AT ALL TIMES! YOU TAKE THE EVENING WATCH... YOUNG SOAMES WILL RELIEVE YOU AT MIDNIGHT!

AYE, SIR!



I'LL SEE HOW MY SQUAD IS DOING WITH THEIR CHECK OF THE GROUNDS AND THE ROOF... BY THEN THE CORONER MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL US ABOUT THE GUARD'S BODY...



...IF THERE'S ENOUGH LEFT OF THE CORPSE TO TELL HIM ANYTHING!

MIDNIGHT...

READY TO RELIEVE YOU, SERGEANT...



I'M GLAD OF IT, M'LAD! MOONLIGHT COMING THROUGH THESE WINDOWS MAKES THIS EGYPTIAN BRIC-A-BRAC CAST SOME WEIRD SHADOWS... PUTS A MAN ON EDGE!



MORNING...

I'VE HUNTED IN INDIA...
SEEN MEN MAULED BY
TIGERS... IT WASN'T
THIS BAD! HE WAS JUST
A BOY... NEW TO THE
FORCE...

YOU MUSTN'T BLAME
YOURSELF, INSPECTOR!
THE KILLINGS TOOK
PLACE IN MY WING
OF THE MUSEUM...
I FEEL JUST AS
RESPONSIBLE AS YOU!

TONIGHT WILL BE
DIFFERENT...
TONIGHT I'LL TAKE
THE LATE WATCH...



I MUST INSIST
YOU LET ME
ACCOMPANY
YOU, INSPECTOR!

WINDOWS LOCKED FROM INSIDE
AND UNTAMPERED WITH...MY
MEN WERE POSTED OUTSIDE
...THE KILLER **HAS** TO BE
SOMEWHERE IN THE
MUSEUM...

...AND TONIGHT, WE'LL BE
WAITING FOR HIM!



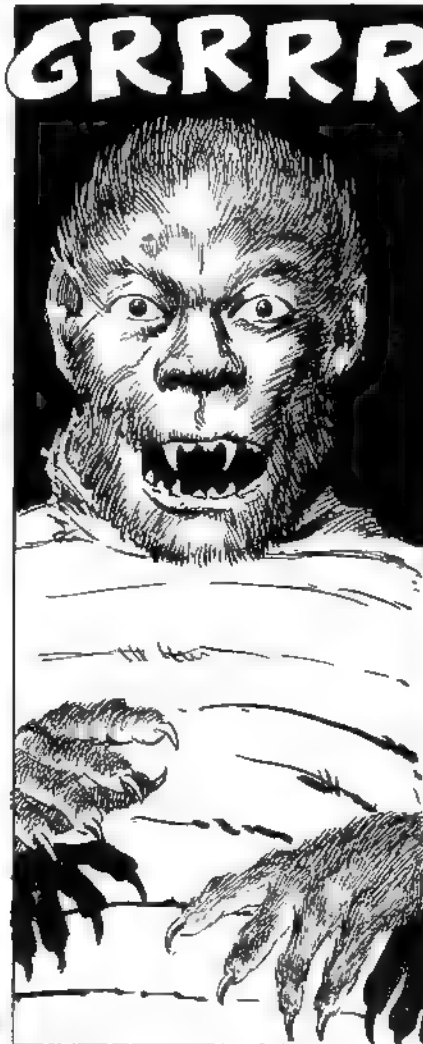
OUTSIDE, A TOWER CLOCK TOLLED TWELVE...
WITHIN THE EGYPTIAN WING, TWO SETS OF
FOOTSTEPS ECHOED ON THE MARBLE FLOOR...

THE MOONLIGHT PROVIDES A GOOD
DEAL OF ILLUMINATION... SHOULD
HELP WITH OUR TASK...



GETTING LATE... THE
KILLER MAY HAVE BEEN
FRIGHTENED OFF BECAUSE
THERE ARE TWO OF...

NIGEL! THE
SARCOPHAGUS...
GOOD LORD!!





A SUDDEN STENCH OF DECAY STUNG THE NOSTRILS OF THE TWO MEN... STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THEM, HARAT-ANKNEB WAS UNDERGOING HIS LAST TRANSFORMATION.





EERIE FAN FARE

My you're a sight for sore eyes . . . SEETHING SCARFANS . . . while you scribble your surname into my LUNATICS LOG . . . I'll draw the DRIVEL DRAPES on another SHRIEK SESSION here at the DINGY DUNGEON . . .

It's only befitting to begin this month's vile bile with this bitter biography about another devastating, drawing board blockbuster . . . TOM SUTTON. Tom bought his ticket to life's amusement park on April 15, 1937 . . . just in time to catch the roller coaster ride through a golden era of movie, radio serials and comic books with which he grew up. Education to him, with the exception of a high school art teacher for whom he carries an admiring devotion, greatly disillusioned TORMENTED TOM, and once free from his academic dungeon he joined the Air Force.

Frustrated, our furious flyboy began forging shining examples of his artistic attributes onto the aluminum panels of countless engine cowlings . . . just for fun. At last his career had sprouted wings and STRUTTIN' SUTTON managed to secure a slot, pen and pencilling for "Pacific Stars and Stripes" while stationed in Tokyo. There he slanted his scroll sensations toward a kooky comic strip which ran rampant for almost a year. That was doomed by his dis-



astrous decision to do away with the hero via a venomous villain, remarkably resembling his enraged editor.

So . . . following his tedious tour of duty, Tom found himself pounding the

BARBARIC BILL MANTLO has a maddening manuscript for us to bargain with so step up to our warped window for your . . .

BACK PAY

The angry crowd of workers outside kept up an incessant clamoring which beat somewhat pleasantly upon the ears of Edmond Darwin, President of Craftco Industries. Music to his ears he thought. "Sir, they're getting angry" his valet broke in through his thoughts. "So what am I to do about it?" came Darwin's reply, "I owe them nothing". "Tell them to leave or I'll phone the police".

As his valet left, Darwin gazed at the maze of machinery around him. It was only two years ago he had taken over his father's company. How he hated his father's interests in the workers, his friendship for them. How he had hated the smell of sweat and the strain of muscles. He would do away with all that when he got the chance. When the old man died he had gradually replaced his workers with machines. Little by little the men vanished until only he, Tompkins the janitor and his army of machines remained. Though saddened by this new regime of madness, old Tompkins kept at his work, lovingly washing and cleaning the computers. It was when Darwin caught the old janitor fooling with the memory banks of the master computer that he had struck him. Meaning only to scare the feeble janitor, Tompkins instead had fallen against the massive machine, striking his head. Darwin remembered how he had carried the body to the incinerator. But that was all over now and his attention was attracted by a clicking of the door bolt. He whirled as a huge machine moved toward him, motor humming. "Stop" he screamed . . . "stop"! Then the sounds came from the master computer and on it's television screen appeared the face of old man Tompkins. "Hello Mr. Darwin . . . whirrr . . . click . . . yes it's me . . . you see I gave your machines human emotions . . . whirrr . . . love . . . fear . . . hate . . . and whirrr . . . Darwin didn't need to be told what the last was for already the wires and coils were wrapping around his arms, legs, his throat. As he gasped his final breath he heard Tompkins' voice . . . " . . . click . . . and of course . . . whirrr . . . REVENGE!!!

END



Cast a grimacing glance at the gargantuan this slayman has stirred up! Brother . . . bet that thing'll be a tricky trophy to take back on a tailgate. For all you haggling hepsters who go for BIG game hunting . . . you can thank sinister DEAN SINDORK of Santaynez, California for doodling up this devastating discovery.



One peek at this pounding pageant and wicked MIKE WHELAN'S fright fight should tell you that you're in for a rip . . . roaring round of fun and "MAIMS". My guess is the coarse contender with the hairy stranglehold has his piercing opponent . . . all "wrapped" up. Who can tell though . . . maybe our reeling ripper can still win the contest with an . . . uppercut . . .

crowded concrete of civilian confusion once more. After a fast blast, studying at the Boston Museum School and having learned the finer points of animated artwork, SOARING SUTTON staked out a casket for himself as an Art Director with a Boston Company. For a while it appeared that his cup runneth over. Then, thirsty for a taste of the real stuff . . . rather than remain buried beneath an administrative tombstone, our Man Tom filled his portfolio with drawings and headed for the Big

Time Comics World.

Since then, TOM'S THUMB . . . and all the rest of his fabulous fingers have been furiously furnishing fractured fillers for "Not Brand Echh" . . . and our twin bill of frightful features...CREEPY and EERIE. Now that he's joined the ranks here in the sorry seclusion of Warren's wackery . . . it'll be nice to nibble a monstrous morsel of SUTTON'S SCAREWORK . . . whenever someone slips a TOMMY-FUL into my pabulum prison. We hope he stays forever.

FAN FARE FUN

Hey gang . . . want to contribute your art or stories to your leary COUSIN EERIE for his FAN FARE page?

Drop 'im some devastating doodles!

Send your trash to: EERIE FAN FARE PAGE, Eerie Magazine, 22 E. 42 ST. New York, N.Y. 10017



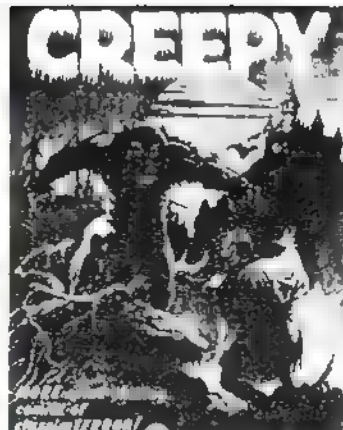
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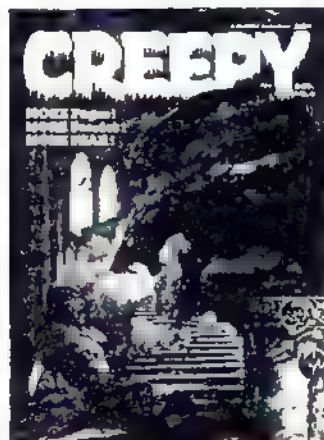
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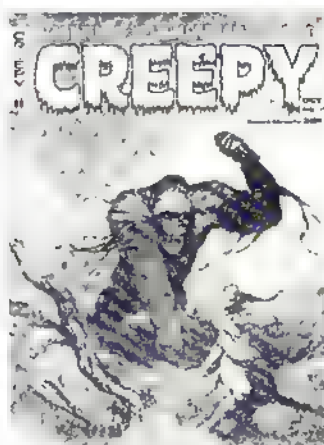
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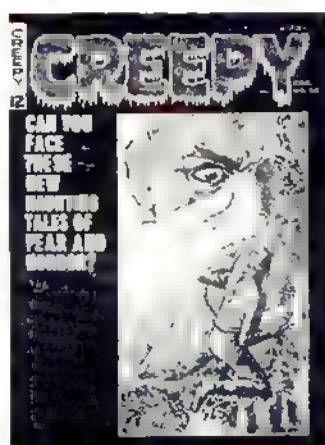
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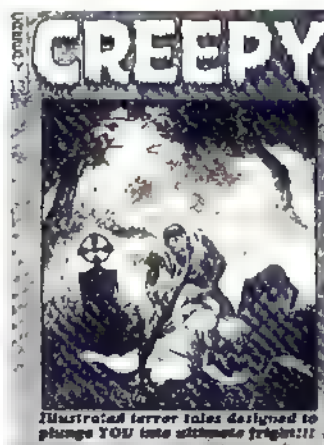
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Fearful Issue #14



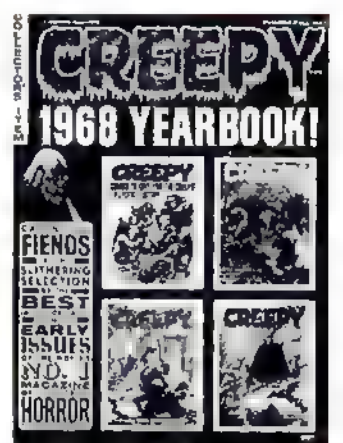
Blasting Issue #16



Shivering Issue #17



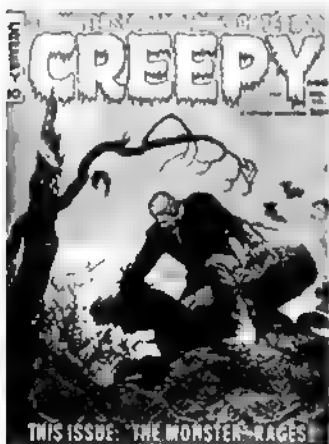
Incredible Issue #18



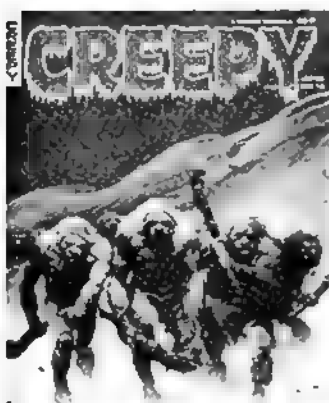
First Creepy Yearbook



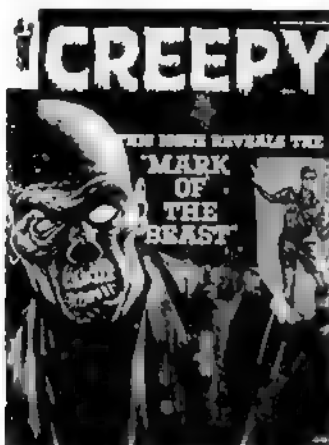
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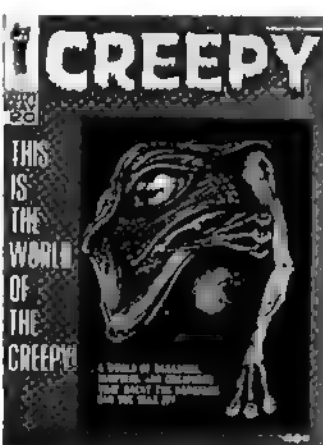
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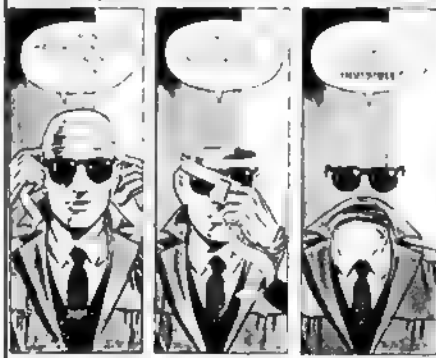


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TALES! BUT HURRY... THEY'RE
GOING LIKE BLOOD AT A VAM-
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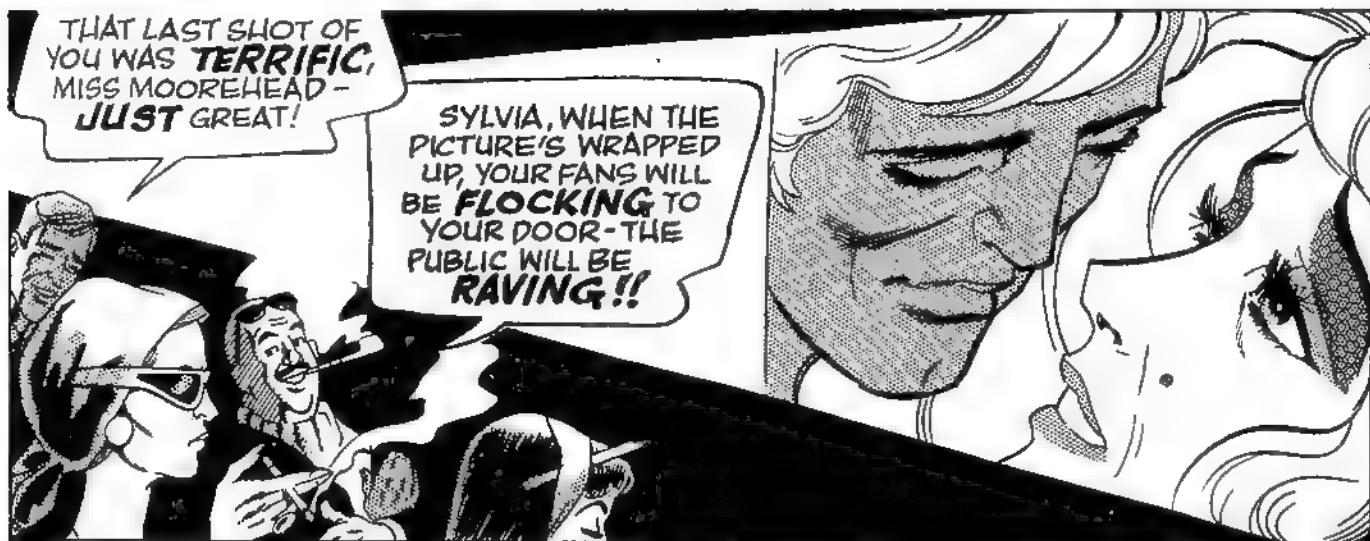
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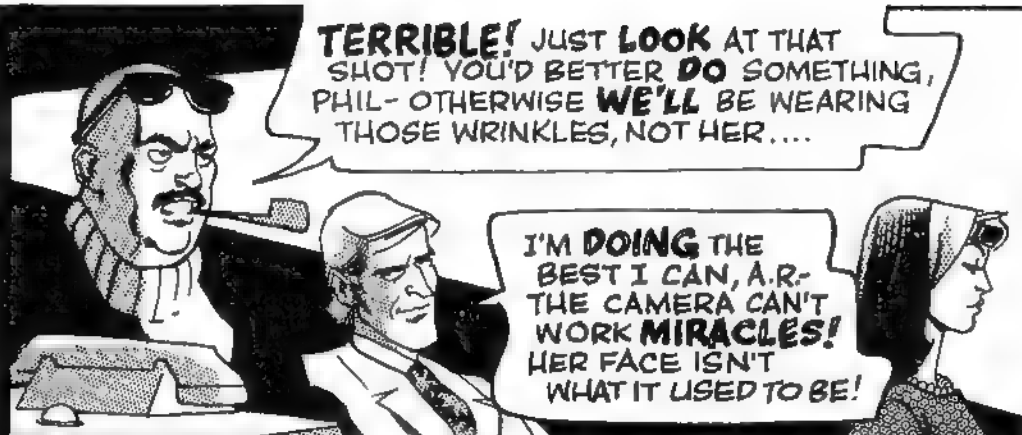
ZIP ..



SONICE TO
SEE ALL YOU
FRANTIC
FANS OF THE
FIENDISH...

...ALL SET FOR
ANOTHER
PULSATING
PIECE OF
PROSE?
EVERYONE
JUST RELAX...

-SHRIVEL UP...
AND GET READY
TO DIGEST
ANOTHER DOSE
OF SICKLY
SERUM I CALL-



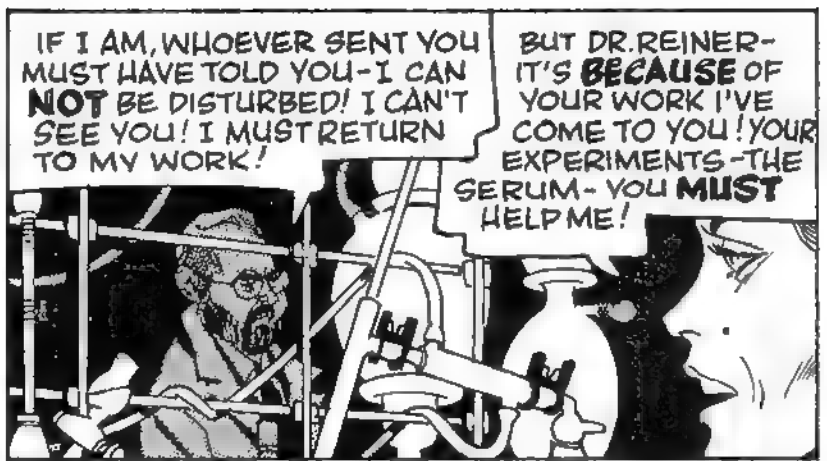
©BSESSED WITH THE DESIRE TO
REGAIN HER YOUTH, SYLVIA
BEGAN HER SEARCH....





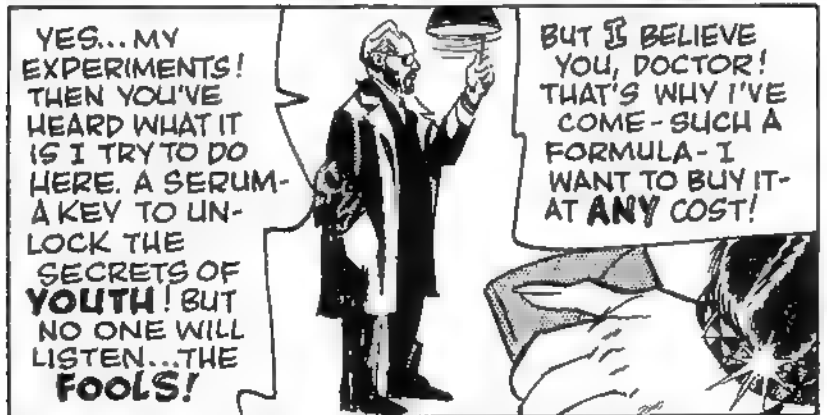
ARE YOU....
DR. REINER?
DR. WILHELM
REINER?

WELL-WHAT
IS IT? IF
YOU'VE COME
TO BOTHER
ME-GO AWAY!
I'M TOO BUSY
TO WASTE MY
TIME! GO
AWAY!



IF I AM, WHOEVER SENT YOU
MUST HAVE TOLD YOU-I CAN
NOT BE DISTURBED! I CAN'T
SEE YOU! I MUST RETURN
TO MY WORK!

BUT DR. REINER-
IT'S **BECAUSE** OF
YOUR WORK I'VE
COME TO YOU! YOUR
EXPERIMENTS-THE
SERUM- YOU **MUST**
HELP ME!



YES... MY
EXPERIMENTS!
THEN YOU'VE
HEARD WHAT IT
IS I TRY TO DO
HERE. A SERUM-
A KEY TO UN-
LOCK THE
SECRETS OF
YOUTH! BUT
NO ONE WILL
LISTEN...THE
FOOLS!

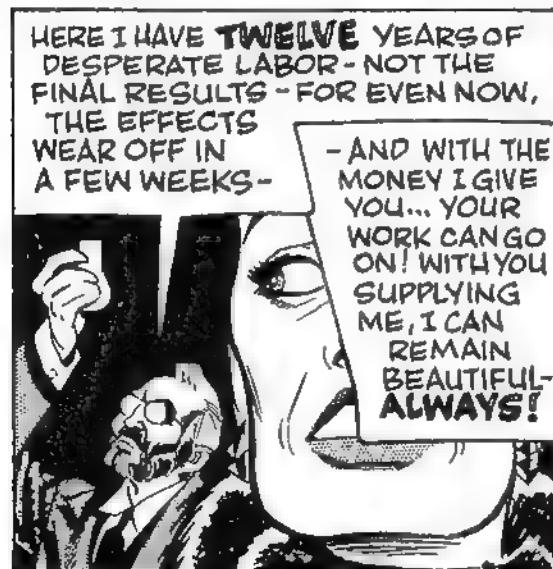
BUT I BELIEVE
YOU, DOCTOR!
THAT'S WHY I'VE
COME-SUCH A
FORMULA-I
WANT TO BUY IT-
AT **ANY** COST!



OH, THERE IS A...
FORMULA, AS
YOU CALL IT...

MY STUDIES AREN'T
COMPLETE... BUT
I'VE HAD SOME
SUCCESS
WITH IT....

THEN I
MUST
HAVE IT!
I'LL PAY
ANYTHING
YOU ASK-
ANYTHING!



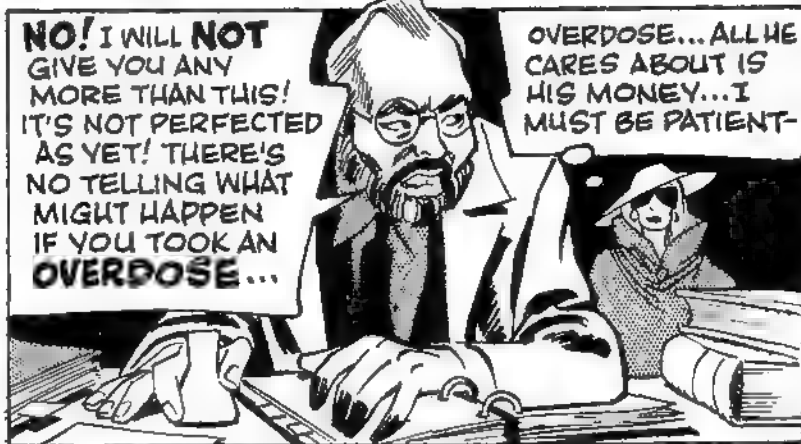
HERE I HAVE **TWELVE** YEARS OF
DESPERATE LABOR-NOT THE
FINAL RESULTS-FOR EVEN NOW,
THE EFFECTS
WEAR OFF IN
A FEW WEEKS-

-AND WITH THE
MONEY I GIVE
YOU... YOUR
WORK CAN GO
ON! WITH YOU
SUPPLYING
ME, I CAN
REMAIN
BEAUTIFUL-
ALWAYS!



SO SHRIVELING
SYLVIA BOUGHT
SOME OF THE
DOC'S SINISTER
SYRUP.. DRANK
THE DEMONIC
DRAM-AND
BEGAN "FACING"
UP TO THINGS...
HEEE....





BUT SYLVIA QUICKLY FORGOT ABOUT THE SERUM-
OVERWHELMED IN THE LIMELIGHT HER NEW FOUND
PUBLIC NOW SHOWERED UPON HER....

EVERYWHERE SHE WENT, SHE
STIRRED A SENSATION!



AS TIME PASSED, THE LEGEND OF HER BEAUTY
FINALLY FULFILLED SYLVIA'S GREATEST WISH....



AS THE WEEKS PASSED, THE FINALE TO HER SOARING CAREER APPROACHED SYLVIA BEGAN TO AGE AGAIN - HER FACE TATTLE-TAILED HER ANXIETY....

HE **MUST** GIVE ME A LARGER DOSE THIS TIME... IT MUST LAST LONGER THAN JUST A FEW WEEKS!

I CAN'T HELP THAT! I EXPLAINED IT TO YOU - THIS IS ALL YOU CAN HAVE - NOW TAKE IT AND **GO!**

YOU OLD **FOOL!** DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M TO RECIEVE THE GRAND AWARD! THEN I LEAVE FOR A WORLD TOUR! I'LL BE GONE TWO MONTHS! YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN!

IDIOT! HE FORCED ME TO DO THIS! THIS FLASK CONTAINS ENOUGH TO LAST UNTIL I CAN HAVE HIS NOTES ANALYZED-

ALL THESE CHEMICALS - THEY'LL THINK HE STARTED THE FIRE ACCIDENTALLY - THERE WON'T BE A TRACE LEFT... AND I HAVE THE FORMULA! GOOD BYE, DOCTOR!

SYLVIA HAD PLANNED HER MOVES WELL- WHEN THE ASHES AT 14 BEECHER FINALLY COOLED INTO DUST, NOTHING REMAINED OF DR. REINER, HIS LABORATORY.... OR HIS SECRET!



EMPTY... BUT WITH THOSE NOTES REINER'S FORMULA CAN BE DUPLICATED IN ANY EVENT, THE DOSE I TOOK TONIGHT SHOULD LAST INDEFINITELY....



ANOTHER GOOD LUCK TELEGRAM, MISS SYLVIA- SHALL I OPEN IT?

JUST LEAVE IT ON THE TABLE FOR NOW,

MARGARET- I REALLY MUST FINISH...



-THIS WAY MISS MOOREHEAD- PLEASE!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE CHOSEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STAR OF THE YEAR?



IF ONLY DR. REINER KNEW HOW WELL HIS SERUM WORKS- HM- THIS TELEGRAM MARGARET GAVE ME....

LET'S SEE..."PHARMICO LABS- IMPORTANT TO MISS SYLVIA MOOREHEAD- UNABLE TO ANALYZE FORMULA. CAN ONLY REPORT ACTIVE INGREDIENT IS MODIFIED, CONCENTRATED EXTRACT- OF -T-TROPICAL SNAKE!"



-AND SO- IN HER HONOR...

THE MOST- THE

BEAUTIFUL STAR OF THIS OR ANY OTHER YEAR-



MISS SYLVIA- CHOKE- MOOREHEAD... GAG-

"WARNING! SINCE SERUM ACTIVATES HORMONES WHICH PROMPT SHEDDING OF SKIN- AN OVER-DOSE MAY CAUSE SKIN TO MOLT COMPLETELY!"



TSK! WHAT A SHAME! SYLVIA'S YOUTH "SLIPPING" AWAY LIKE THAT- WELL- SERVES HER RIGHT FOR BEING "TWO-FACED"! SHE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BEAUTY IS ONLY- "SKIN DEEP"- OUCH! TOODLE OO...





6

TIME TO "MUMMY DUST" OFF ANOTHER CRYPTIC CHUNK OF CONVULSION... EXHUMED ESPECIALLY FOR YOU FROM MY RANCID REPERTOIRE OF REEKING ROTTERY. CRAWL IN WHY, DON'T YOU... "CRUMBLE" UP ON THAT STAGNANT SARCOPHAGUS... AND I'LL "UNWRAP" ANOTHER WRETCHED WITFUL EN... 53

"DRESSED TO KILL!"

SUDDENLY INSIDE THE DUSTY CHAMBER... HIDDEN IN SAND SCARRED SECRETLY FOR ALMOST FOUR THOUSAND YEARS... A GUST OF WIND WHISPERED THROUGH THE CATACOMBS LIKE THE WAIL OF SOME ANCIENT SPIRIT.

FOR AN INSTANT GROTESQUE SHADOWS DANCED WILDLY IN THE FLICKER OF THE LANTERN AND THEN... THROUGH TORTURED LIPS, KURT SHEFFLER FINALLY ENDED THE SILENCE...

AT LAST!

DIANA... QUINN... WE'VE DONE IT!

THE LAST GREAT CHAMBER OF KHAMURS... THE GREAT MAGICIAN... AND THE STATUE... LOOK AT THE EYES IN

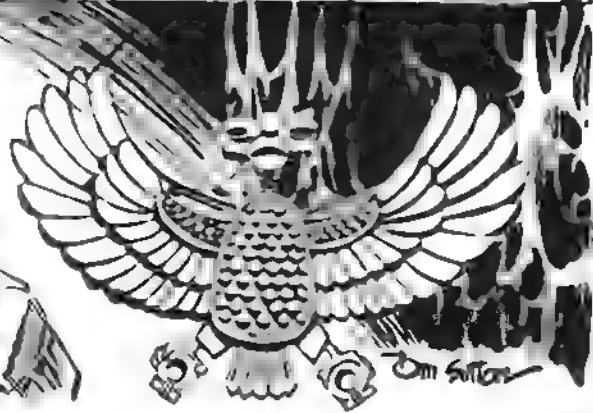
IT... IT'S BREATH-TAKING... STONES... WHY THEY MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

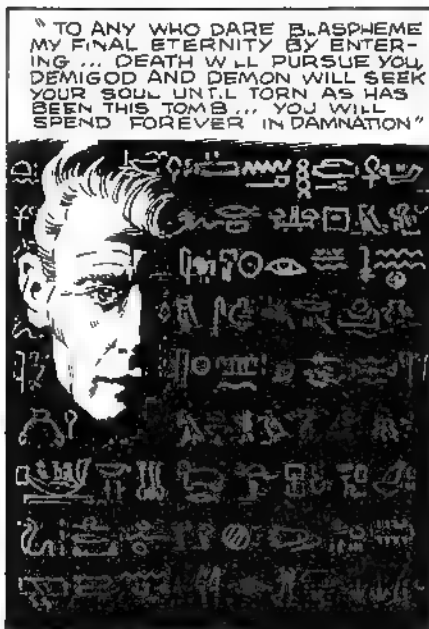
KURT, I THINK IT'S A LOT MORE THAN JUST SUPERSTITION. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO LORD CARNIVAN'S EXPEDITION SOME YEARS AGO?

OF COURSE... I REMEMBER THAT UNEARTHING THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN... HE AND THE WHOLE GROUP HAD UNEXPLAINABLE BAD LUCK.

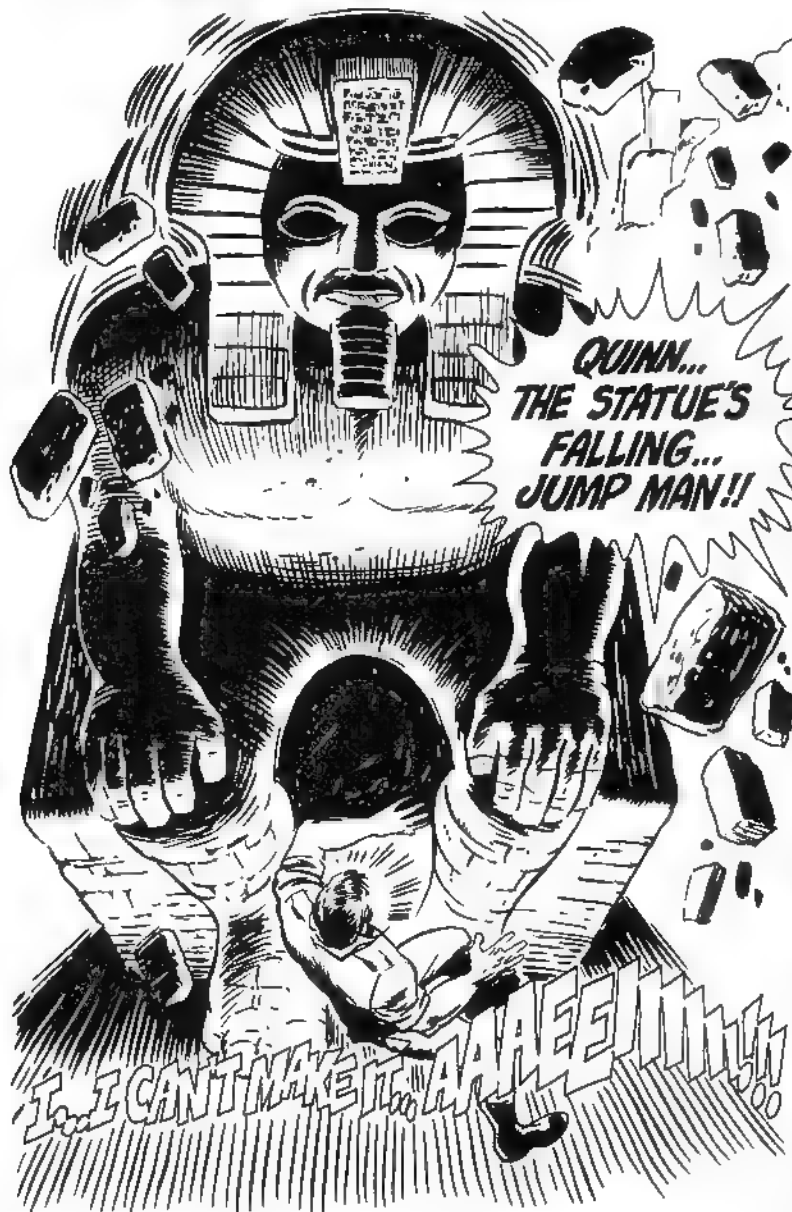
FEARED AS A POWERFUL MAGICIAN IN HIS TIME... HE MUST HAVE CURSED THIS TOMB WELL... WHAT DOES THE INSCRIPTION READ, KURT?

JUST AS YOU SAID, APPROPRIATE ENOUGH THOUGH... AFTER ALL, THESE EGYPTIANS WERE ALWAYS CURSING THEIR COFFINS WITH SOME KIND OF MYSTICAL MAKE-BELIEVE.

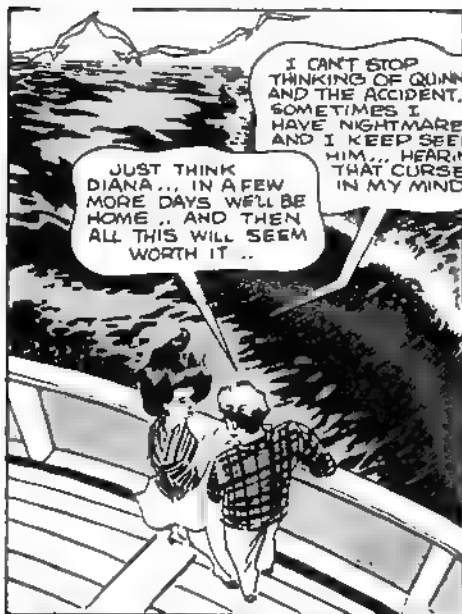




THEN... WITHOUT WARNING... AS THOUGH PUSHED BY SOME INVISIBLE HAND... THE HUGE STATUE TOPPLED FROM ITS PEDESTAL... QUINN'S SCREAM OF AGONY ECHOED THROUGH THE PASAGEWAY OF THE SAND ENCRUSTED CRYPT... ENDING WHEN THE AGELESS SENTRY... CRUSHED THE LIFE FROM HIS BODY...



GIGGLE... YOU MIGHT SAY QUASHED QUINN WAS KINDA "CRUSHED" BY THE WHOLE AFFAIR... EVEN THOUGH KURT'S DISCOVERY MADE QUITE AN "IMPRESSION" ON HIM... HE CAN'T COMPLAIN THOUGH... SEEMS HE HAD A "SMASHING" TIME AFTER ALL... HIC...



JUST THINK DIANA... IN A FEW MORE DAYS WE'LL BE HOME... AND THEN ALL THIS WILL SEEM WORTH IT...

I CAN'T STOP THINKING OF QUINN... AND THE ACCIDENT... SOMETIMES I HAVE NIGHTMARES... AND I KEEP SEEING HIM... HEARING THAT CURSE IN MY MIND...



IT'S LIKE SOMETHING... AN EVIL OMEN WAS FOLLOWING US... HAUNTING ME IN MY DREAMS... I'M GOING CRAZY I THINK...

DON'T TALK FOOLISHNESS DIANA... IT'S JUST THAT THE SHOCK OF QUINN'S DEATH HAS BEEN A STRAIN... YOU'LL HAVE TO GET MORE REST...



NOOOOO... PLEASE... YOU'RE NOT REAL... JUST IMAGINATION... NNNNOOOOOO...

THE EYES... THE STATUE HAS COME TO CLAIM ITS EYES... NOOO... KEEP AWAY... I...



DARDEST THING... THOSE STORIES DIANA WAS TELLING ME... I HAD A NIGHTMARE... DEMONS... MONSTERS... I MUST BE LETTING MY IMAGINATION RUN AWAY FROM ME...

WITHIN A FEW DAYS HOWEVER... KURT'S MIND HAD SHRUGGED OFF THE INCIDENT AND THE STRANGE NIGHTMARE BECAME NO MORE THAN A FADED MEMORY...



WELL... HERE WE ARE DIANA... LOOK AT THAT CROWD... IN A FEW HOURS WE'LL BE ON EVERY FRONT PAGE IN THE COUNTRY... PEOPLE WILL BE READING ABOUT US... AND THE JEWELS...

...AND QUINN!

BUT WHILE KURT QUICKLY HAD ERASED THE MYTH OF AN ANCIENT HEX FROM THE PAGES OF HIS MEMORY... DIANA SHRANK SLOWLY INTO THE HOLLOW SHELL OF SOMEONE PURSUED BY FEAR... AND TERROR.

IT'S RIDICULOUS, DIANA! VISIONS... SPIRITS... WHY NEXT YOU'LL BE TELLING ME THERE'S A DRAGON WAITING OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR EACH NIGHT...

PLEASE, KURT, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M NOT JOKING... THESE THINGS... WHATEVER THEY ARE... FOR WEEKS NOW I KEEP SEEING THEM IN MY SLEEP... I'M AFRAID TO CLOSE MY EYES ANYMORE... I... I'M LOSING MY MIND!!

LOOK... YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT EASY DIANA... I'M CALLING A DOCTOR FOR YOU IN THE MORNING... I WANT YOU TO GO SEE HIM... HE'S A FRIEND... HE'LL HELP YOU...

I'M SCARED, KURT... IT'S SOMETHING I JUST... FEEL... EVER SINCE WE CAME BACK FROM THAT PLACE... I TELL YOU... WE SHOULD HAVE NEVER TAKEN THOSE GEMS... NEVER!

LATER...

WHAAA... OH... FOUR O'CLOCK... GOOD LORD... WHO THE HECK IS CALLING AT THIS HOUR...?

BRAIINNNNGG!

GASP!

D...I...A...N...A... GASP!

GASP... W...WHAT... HAPPENED TO HER?

YES... THAT'S RIGHT... DIANNA MORRIS... WHY YES... IS ANYTHING WRONG? WHAT? WHEN... WHEN DID IT HAPPEN? HUH... OH... YES... YES... I'LL BE DOWN...

FUNNY THING ABOUT THAT NIGHT GUARD FOUND HER WHEN HE WAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS...

NIGHT GUARD... ROUNDS... W... WHERE WAS IT HE FOUND HER?

WELL... NOBODY KNOWS EXACTLY HOW SHE WAS MISSED AFTER THE PLACE WAS LOCKED UP... STRANGEST THING WAS... NOT A SIGN OF A STRUGGLE... YEP... IN THE MUSEUM... THAT'S WHERE SHE WAS... IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM... PRACTICALLY TORN TO BITS!

MORGUE



WOBCE



AND YOU SAY A MR DEXTER NOW OWNS THE KHMUS JEWELS...

THAT'S CORRECT, SIR. MR DEXTER IS QUITE AN ADMIRER OF RARE GEMS... HE HAS ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS IN THE WORLD. HE WAS VERY IMPRESSED WITH THESE EGYPTIAN PIECES...

BOND JEWELERS
ESTABLISHED 1881

I JUST COULDN'T BEAR TO LOCK THEM AWAY... THEY'RE MUCH TOO BEAUTIFUL TO HIDE. THEY HAVE A WAY OF HYPNOTIZING A PERSON...

...WHAAA... A NIGHTMARE... ANOTHER ONE! THOSE THINGS... IT'S LIKE DIANA SAID... THEN THE CURSE... I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE JEWELS BACK...

YES, I AGREE, MR DEXTER... AND WHEN I HEARD THAT YOU HAD PURCHASED THEM... I FELT CERTAIN YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND MY DESIRE TO HAVE THEM BACK... OF COURSE AT ANY PRICE YOU CARE TO NAME.

INDEED... I CAN FULLY REALIZE WHY YOU WOULD WANT THEM BACK, MR. SHEFFLER... NEVER THELESS... I DON'T THINK I COULD PART WITH THEM... NOT AFTER SEEING THEM THIS WAY...

I DO HOPE YOU'LL DROP BY AGAIN MR. SHEFFLER... I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE JEWELS AGAIN... AND I'D ENJOY YOUR COMPANY...

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. DEXTER.

... I MAY BE BACK SOONER THAN YOU THINK, YOU OLD FOOL !!!

LATER THAT NIGHT... THROUGH A RAIN STREAKED WINDOW OF THE HUGE MANSION... KURT WATCHED THE ONE OBSTACLE HE WOULD HAVE TO REMOVE FROM THE PATH OF AN OMINOUS FATE... **DEXTER!**

THAT'S RIGHT... ENJOY THEM YOU OLD GOAT... FOR THE LAST TIME... AFTER TONIGHT... NOTHING WILL STAND IN MY WAY... NOT EVEN THOSE... **EYES!**

GASP!
TOO BAD, DEXTER... BUT I NEED THOSE STONES MORE THAN YOU... **GASP...** YOU SHOULD HAVE SOLD THEM BACK... WHEN YOU... HAD THE CHANCE.

NO ONE WILL CONNECT ME TO DEXTER... I WASN'T SEEN... EXCEPT BY... **THOSE...** AND ONCE I RETURN THEM TO THE TOMB... I'LL BE SAFE... FOREVER...
HA... HA... HA...

RRRRRIINGG!
HMMM... ALMOST ELEVEN O'CLOCK... ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS... WHO COULD BE CALLING? BETTER HIDE THESE GEMS...

NYAAAA... NO... STAY BACK... PLEASE... KEEP AWAY!!

IT IS TIME... YOU CANNOT ESCAPE US... WE BRING YOU DOOM... AND DEATH...

NO... TAKE BACK THE JEWELS... YOU CAN HAVE THEM BACK...

PLEASE...
PLEA...
AAAGH!!

GEE FELLAS... I... I DON'T GET IT, HE MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY OR SOME-THIN' / THE WAY HE ACTED... I'D SWEAR HE THOUGHT WE WERE **REAL!!**

YEAH... WHO MEANT ANYTHING BY IT... JUST FOOLIN' AROUND... NO HARM IN TRICK OR TREAT N' ON **HALLOWEEN...** IS THERE?

TRICK OR TREAT

HORRORS... LOOKS LIKE OUR BUNGLING BUDDY DIDN'T HAVE A **GHOST** OF A CHANCE AFTER ALL... **FALLING** FOR AN OLD "TRICK" LIKE THAT! OH SPOOKS... SERVES HIM "**FRIGHT**"... WOULDN'T YOU SAY...

PROLOGUE: "THE OLDEST LEGENDS OF MANY CULTURES GIVE VEILED HINTS OF A TIME IN PREHISTORY WHEN UNSPEAKABLE HORDES OF EVIL MADE WAR ON THE FORCES OF GOOD, AND THE WEAPONS THEY USED WERE MANY AND TERRIBLE..."



"SUCH WAS THE SWORD PROFESSOR BRACE UNEARTHED IN OUR ANDES EXPEDITION. FEW EXPERTS WOULD WILLINGLY ADMIT THIS, EVEN I, HIS MOST AVID DISCIPLE, HAD MY DOUBTS...YET NONE COULD EXPLAIN ITS AGE OR THE STRANGENESS OF ITS METAL..."



"IT, AND OTHER ITEMS UNCOVERED BY OUR MUSEUM-SPONSORED EXCAVATION, OPENED FANTASTIC BYWAYS AND AREAS OF SPECULATION TO THE EARTH'S PAST. BUT NO ONE, NOT EVEN BRACE, UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE, GUESSED THE PATH OF HORROR IT WOULD CUT THROUGH THE PRESENT!"





NOW THAT YOU'VE HACKED YOUR WAY THROUGH OUR ENTRANCING INTRO, FIENDISH FOLLOWERS, GET SET FOR THE NEXT LITTLE SLICE OF LIFE ABOUT TO BE CARVED BY THE...



DEMON SWORD!

"DAWN'S GREY HOURS WERE GIVING WAY TO THE FULL LIGHT OF DAY WHEN I HEARD FROM THE MUSEUM OF THE NIGHT'S MONSTROSITY. MY IMMEDIATE REACTION WAS TO RUSH TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOME...

PROFESSOR BRACE! THE SWORD'S BEEN STOLEN! A GUARD MURDERED...

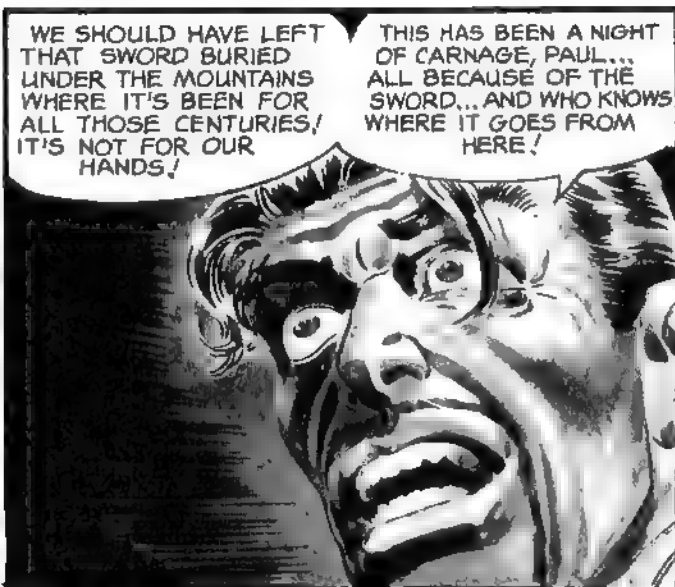
THANK GOD, YOU'VE COME, HARCOURT. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU...





WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT, SIR? WHY?

BETTER TAKE A BRANDY, I THINK YOU'LL NEED IT. THE MUSEUM'S JUST GIVEN ME SOME MORE NEWS...



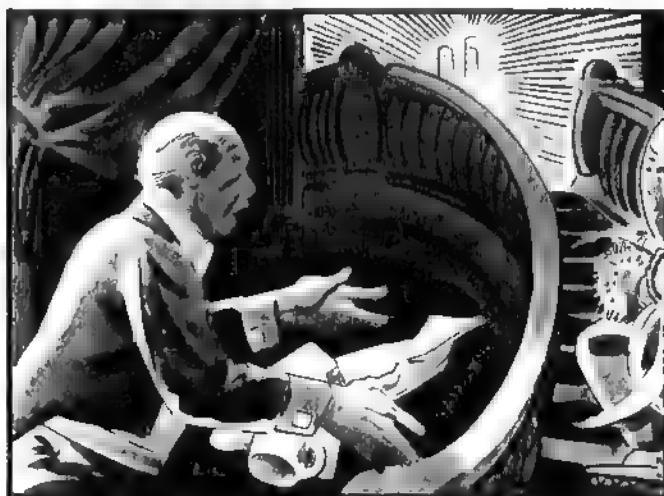
WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THAT SWORD BURIED UNDER THE MOUNTAINS WHERE IT'S BEEN FOR ALL THOSE CENTURIES! IT'S NOT FOR OUR HANDS!

THIS HAS BEEN A NIGHT OF CARNAGE, PAUL... ALL BECAUSE OF THE SWORD... AND WHO KNOWS WHERE IT GOES FROM HERE!

"AS CLOSELY AS CAN BE DETERMINED, SOME FEW MINUTES AFTER THE SWORD HAD BEEN STOLEN, MILES AWAY, ARTHUR CARNABY, THE MUSEUM'S EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR WAS WORKING LATE. HIS BUTLER WAS BRINGING UP A SNACK WHEN SCREAMS FROM CARNABY'S STUDY FILLED THE HOUSE..."

"AND IN HESITANT TORTURED SOUNDS, PROFESSOR BRACE TOLD ME WHAT HE KNEW..."

"THE STUDY DOOR WAS LOCKED AND THE SOUNDS FROM WITHIN GREW IN VOLUME AND TERROR. THE BUTLER AND ANOTHER SERVANT FRANTICALLY BATTERED AT THE DOOR UNTIL AT LAST IT GAVE WAY..."



"THEY LIVED TO WISH THEY HAD NEVER GONE INTO THE ROOM! CARNABY WAS SLAUGHTERED WITH THE STOLEN SWORD, AND ITS HIDEOUS WIELDER ESCAPED, STEPPING THROUGH THE VERY WALLS!"



"MEANWHILE, NO MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES LATER, LYMAN WALKER, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM, HAVING BEEN INFORMED OF THE GUARD'S MURDER, WAS BEING DRIVEN BACK TO THE CITY..."



"SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE, A TERRIFYING FIGURE LOOMED UP IN THE GLARE OF THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS... INSTINCTIVELY, THE STUNNED CHAUFFEUR SWERVED, SENDING THE CAR CAREENING FROM THE HIGHWAY..."



"ACCORDING TO THE CHAUFFEUR'S DYING STATEMENT, HE CAME TO AFTER THE WRECK TO FIND THAT WALKER HAD BEEN THROWN CLEAR... ONLY TO LIE HELPLESS UNDER THE FLASHING BLADE OF A HELLISH, DEMONIC THING! THE MAN DIED STILL TRYING TO ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE THE HORROR OF THE CREATURE..."



"PROFESSOR BRACE STOPPED TALKING AND A LONG MOMENT OF SILENCE ELAPSED AS I DESPERATELY SOUGHT AFTER SOMETHING TO SAY..."

B-BUT...IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! EVEN ASSUMING A CURSE COULD ACTUALLY BE ON THE WEAPON... WHY SHOULD TWO PEOPLE NOT INVOLVED IN UNEARTHING THE SWORD BE SLAIN?

THINK ABOUT IT, PAUL... WHO WOULD STAND TO **GAIN** WITH WALKER AND CARNABY DEAD?



WELL... WITH BOTH DEAD, THE MUSEUM WOULD NEED A DIRECTOR... AND NEXT IN LINE WOULD BE ... WOULD BE ...

WOULD BE **ME!** RIGHT, PAUL?





LORD, PROFESSOR! YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT **CREATURE** AND... **Y-YOURSELF?**

THERE'S EVIL IN ANY MAN, PAUL, SUPPOSE, LATENT WITHIN THE SWORD, IS THE POWER TO DRAW EVIL OUT OF ITS OWNER...TO **PERSONIFY** IT!

"BRACE WHEELED ABRUPTLY AND LEAD ME DOWNSTAIRS TO HIS WORKROOM..."

Y-YOU ACTUALLY THINK THE SWORD MAGNIFIES THE EVIL WITHIN A MAN... MOLDS IT INTO SOME KIND OF **LIVING** CREATURE?

I'M THE ONE WHO FOUND IT, PAUL, HANDLED IT... SINCE TURNING IT OVER TO THE MUSEUM, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE RESTLESSNESS I'VE FELT... THE NIGHTS OF TROUBLED SLEEP..



"OVER THE YEARS, BRACE HAD BUILT UP A FINE PRIVATE COLLECTION. HIS WORKROOM WAS A SMALL MUSEUM IN ITSELF..."

A RESTLESS NIGHT DOESN'T MEAN THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR NATURE IS ON A KILLING RAMPAGE! YOU'VE PROBABLY JUST BEEN WORKING TOO HARD!

LAST NIGHT I WAS UP TRYING TO DECIPHER THOSE TABLETS WE FOUND BURIED WITH THE SWORD IN THE ANDES... I FELL ASLEEP OVER THEM!



IT WASN'T A PLEASANT SLEEP, BUT I COULDN'T SEEM TO WAKE UP WHEN I FINALLY DID, THERE WAS AN ADDITION TO THE TABLETS, AS YOU CAN SEE, PAUL...

THOSE SPOTS... IT'S **BLOOD!**



"THE DEEP CRIMSON STAINS FORMED A TRAIL LEADING OFF THE TABLE. MY GAZE RACE OVER IT TO..."

"I TURNED TO FIND THE PROFESSOR TAKING DOWN SOME ARMOR FROM THE WALL..."

...THE **DEMON SWORD!** B-BUT IF IT'S HERE... THEN EVERYTHING YOU TOLD ME MUST BE...

...TRUE, PAUL! ALL TRUE!



B-BUT IF THAT THING'S WITHIN YOU... PART OF YOU... HOW... WHAT CAN YOU DO?

FIGHT IT, PAUL! ON ITS OWN TERMS!



"BRACE THEN SAT DOWN, CLUTCHING ARMS AND ARMOR TO HIM..."

THE SWORD DRAWS FORTH THE EVIL WHILE I'M ASLEEP, WHEN MY CONSCIOUSNESS CAN'T RALLY MY GOOD SIDE TO FIGHT IT... BUT IF I COULD STILL RETAIN MY CONSCIOUSNESS WHILE ASLEEP, OR AT LEAST BE SUGGESTIBLE TO USING MY GOOD SIDE...

A HYPNOTIC TRANCE! WITH ME TO CONTROL YOU, IT COULD BE DONE IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE!



"WE HAD BOTH PLAYED WITH HYPNOTISM FOR OUR OWN AMUSEMENT, BUT NOW WE BEGAN IN DEADLY EARNEST NOT KNOWING FOR CERTAIN WHAT FORCES WE MIGHT RELEASE, FOR WHAT ENDS!"

YOU ARE GROWING TIRED... VERY TIRED ...DRIFTING INTO A DEEP SLUMBER...

HE'LL BE OPEN TO SUGGESTION FROM ME... GOD HELP US IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH AGAINST THE SWORD'S POWER!



"HARDLY HAD THE TRANCE TAKEN EFFECT THAN THE SWORD BEGAN TO GLOW WITH AN UNEARTHLY LIGHT... AND OUT OF PROFESSOR BRACE'S BODY, A THING OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL LEAPED FORWARD TO SEIZE IT!"

"AND IN ANSWER TO MY CRIES, ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARED, ASSUMING THE ARMOR BRACE HAD LEFT IN PREPARATION..."



PROFESSOR! THERE'S EVIL IN THIS ROOM... YOUR EVIL! BUT WITHIN YOU IS GREAT GOOD... USE IT...

FIGHT, PROFESSOR, FIGHT!!

"SO IT BEGAN... THE GOOD AND EVIL OF A MAN LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, SWIRLING AND FIGHTING... SOMETIMES IN THE ROOM, SOMETIMES IN PHANTOM DIMENSIONS CRISS-CROSSING OUR OWN WORLD THROUGH WHICH CREATURES LIKE THESE COULD STALK AT WILL..."



"THERE WAS FAR MORE GOOD THAN EVIL IN THE PROFESSOR, IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN STRONGER...BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO ESTIMATE THE POWER OF THAT HELLSH SWORD..."



"MOST OF THE TIME I COULD NOT SEE THE COMBATANTS AS THEY FOUGHT IN OTHER DIMENSIONS, OTHER WORLDS...BUT I COULD SEE BRACE'S TORMENTED FACE...AND I KNEW WE WERE LOSING..."



**PROFESSOR! DON'T WEAKEN!
YOU CAN'T GIVE UP...YOU CAN'T!
I'M WITH YOU... YOU CAN DO
IT! YOU MUST!!**

"MY VOICE GREW HOARSE WITH STRAIN AS I RAGED TO KEEP HIM GOING...TEARS OF EFFORT ROLLED DOWN THE PROFESSOR'S FACE, RED AND SWOLLEN IN THE LAST DITCH STAND AGAINST THE SWORD'S PRIMORDIAL EVIL..."

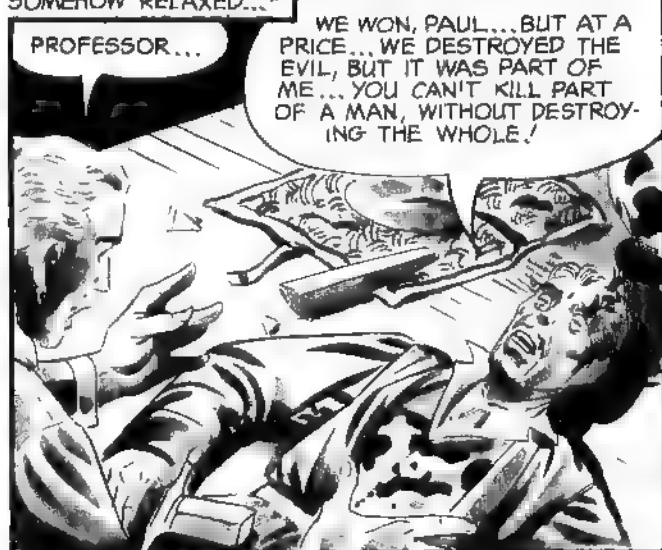


"THEN FROM THE SHADOW WORLD BATTLEGROUND CAME AN UNHUMAN SHRIEK THAT ENDED AS A CRY OF PAIN IN PROFESSOR BRACE'S THROAT..."



"HE SLID TO THE FLOOR AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED EACH WOUND OF THE BATTLE WAS UPON HIM. HIS BREATH CAME IN GASPS, BUT HIS FACE WAS SOMEHOW RELAXED..."

"...THERE'S STILL THE SWORD...DESTROY IT, PAUL... DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN... **DESTROY...IT!**"



"AND, EYES FIXED ON THE THING THAT HAD WROUGHT HIS DESTRUCTION. PROFESSOR BRACE DIED."

"NOW I STAND IN FRONT OF THE FURNACE, FLAMES STOKED WHITE HOT TO MELT EVEN THE DEMON METAL OF OF THIS SWORD I HOLD. AND YET I HESITATE... I HOLD IT AND WONDER AT THE POWER I FEEL, THE PLEASURE IN HANDLING IT. IF I DON'T DESTROY IT THIS MINUTE, I CAN ALWAYS DO IT THE NEXT... **OR CAN I?**"



ALL YOU, WRITHING READERS, WITH SPORTING BLOOD CAN STAY HERE AND MAKE BETS, BUT I SUGGEST THE REST OF YOU MOVE ON... JUST IN CASE HARCOURT DECIDES TO KEEP THE SWORD."



THE CRAWLING HAND

TURN ON the switch and watch! THE HAND comes to life! THE FINGERS flex as the hand starts to walk across the room. The large ring on the third finger sheds a light of eerie horror over the room. The silent life-like plastic hand, made of latex rubber with a bandaged wrist, stalks across the room and only YOU know where it came from. Only \$4.95 plus 50c for postage and handling.

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A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



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FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. [Available in both black & white as in supernatural Technicolor.] This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$5.95; Technicolor, \$12.95.



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

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In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95.



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WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping setting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



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DRACULA



FRANKENSTEIN



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THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. As you start to build this greatest of all Monster characters, you will see not only the physical ugliness, but the beautiful soul that made Lon Chaney's performance a great classic. **QUASIMODO, the HORRIBLE,** is on the block in the city square. A vicious rope hangs around his neck. His hands are in chains, his throat is parched with thirst. He looks up in ghastly fear at his tormentors.

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You'll shake! You'll tremble! You'll shudder with delight as you assemble these authentic, life-like kits of the most marvelous monsters that have thrilled and chilled audiences over the past 30 years on the "silver screen." These perfectly scaled model kits are made of styrene plastic by Aurora, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. All models stand 12"

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CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carroll Nash) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secrets himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed

in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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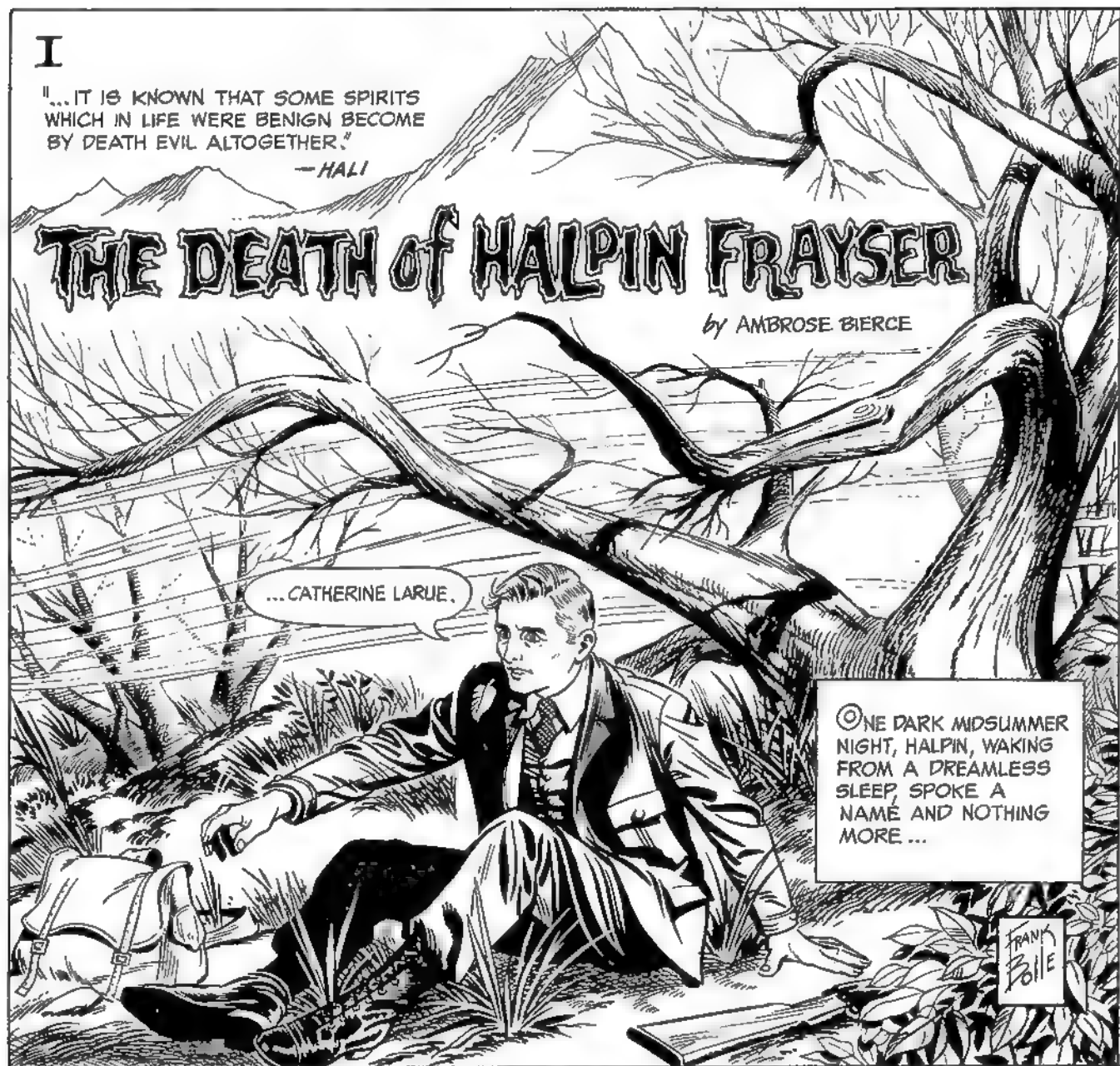
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"...IT IS KNOWN THAT SOME SPIRITS WHICH IN LIFE WERE BENIGN BECOME BY DEATH EVIL ALTOGETHER."

—HALI

THE DEATH OF HALPIN FRAYSER

by AMBROSE BIERCE



... CATHERINE LARUE.

ONE DARK MIDSUMMER NIGHT, HALPIN, WAKING FROM A DREAMLESS SLEEP, SPOKE A NAME AND NOTHING MORE ...

FRANK BOLLE



HALPIN FRAYSER LIVED IN ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA. BUT WHERE HE LIVES NOW IS UNCERTAIN, FOR HE IS LONG DEAD.

I WON'T LIVE LONG IF I KEEP THIS UP!

HE HAD LOST HIS WAY WHILE HUNTING WHEN THE AFTER-NOON HAD BECOME CLOUDY...



HOW ODD, TO SPEAK A NAME I KNOW NOT...

HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP, BUT IT WAS NO LONGER DREAMLESS.



IN HIS DREAM
HE CAME TO A
PARTING OF
THE WAYS...

... WITHOUT
HESITATION
HE TURNED
INTO THE
EVIL ROAD.



FROM AMONG THE TREES ON EITHER SIDE HE
CAUGHT BROKEN AND INCOHERENT WHISPERS. THEY
SEEMED FRAGMENTARY UTTERANCES OF A
MONSTROUS CONSPIRACY AGAINST HIS BODY AND SOUL.



LONG AFTER NIGHTFALL THE
INTERMINABLE FOREST WAS
LIT WITH A WAN GLIMMER.

BLOOD!
IT'S BLOOD
EVERYWHERE!

THE WEEDS GROWING RANKLY
SHOWED IT IN BLOTS AND
SPLASHES ON THEIR LEAVES.
PATCHES OF DRY DUST WERE
PITTED AS WITH A RED RAIN.
THE TREES WERE MACULATIONS
OF CRIMSON, AND BLOOD
DRIPPED LIKE DEW...



I WILL NOT SUBMIT! I SHALL
LEAVE A RECORD AND AN APPEAL.
I SHALL RELATE MY WRONGS,
THE PERSECUTIONS THAT I
ENDURE -- I, A HELPLESS
MORTAL, A PENTINENT, AN
UNOFFENDING POET!

HALPIN WAS A POET
ONLY AS HE WAS A
PENTINENT, IN HIS
DREAM.

HALPIN BROKE A TWIG AND WROTE RAPIDLY
WITH BLOODY INK.



HE-HE-HO-HO
HAW-HAW-AHH!

HAW-HAW-AHH!

IN THE MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE HIS HANDS DENIED THEIR SERVICE TO HIS WILL...

I MUST COMPLETE MY APPEAL SHOULD THIS TORTURE CONTINUE, AND I BE DENIED THE BLESSING OF ANNIHILATION!

HE FOUND HIMSELF STARING INTO THE EYES OF HIS OWN--

MOTHER!

II

IN HIS YOUTH, HALPIN FRAYSER HAD LIVED WITH HIS PARENTS IN NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

YOUR MATERNAL GREAT-GRAND-FATHER WROTE THESE. HE WAS A POET OF NO SMALL COLONIAL DISTINCTION. BE PROUD OF HIM AND YOUR HERITAGE.

I AM, FOR I KNOW THAT ONLY YOU AND I APPRECIATE HIM.

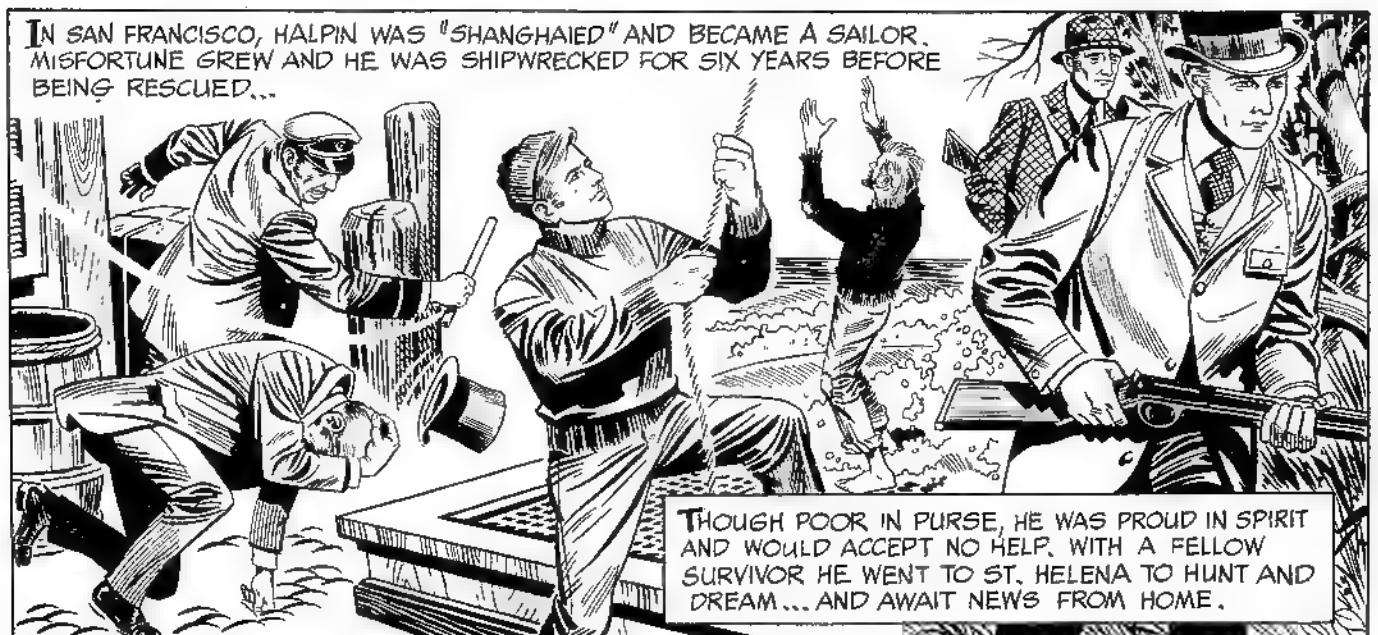
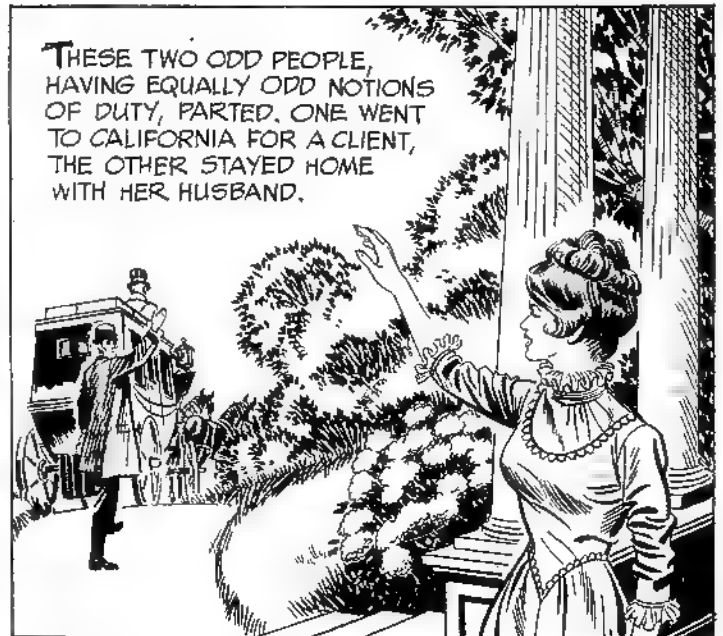
BUT HALPIN, HIMSELF, COULD NOT HAVE WRITTEN A LINE OF VERSE TO SAVE HIMSELF...

THE ATTACHMENT BETWEEN THE TWO BECAME YEARLY STRONGER AND MORE TENDER.

...ATTRACTIVE LOVERS...

WOULD YOU MIND GREATLY, KATY, IF I WERE CALLED AWAY TO CALIFORNIA FOR A FEW WEEKS?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS WAS COMING...



THOUGH POOR IN PURSE, HE WAS PROUD IN SPIRIT AND WOULD ACCEPT NO HELP. WITH A FELLOW SURVIVOR HE WENT TO ST. HELENA TO HUNT AND DREAM... AND AWAIT NEWS FROM HOME.

III

THE APPARITION CONFRONTING THE DREAMER STIRRED NO LOVE OR LONGING IN HIS HEART. HE TRIED TO TURN AND RUN FROM BEFORE IT, BUT COULD NOT.

A BODY WITHOUT A SOUL!

WHAT MORTAL CAN COPE WITH A CREATURE OF HIS DREAMS?

THEN ALL WAS BLACK. A SOUND OF THE BEATING OF DISTANT DRUMS--A MURMUR OF SWARMING VOICES, AND HALPIN FRAYSER DREAMED THAT HE WAS DEAD.

IV

AT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK ON THE PRECEDING DAY, THE GHOST OF A CLOUD HAD BEEN OBSERVED ON MOUNT ST. HELENA.

LOOK AT THE CLOUD BEING BORN, QUICKLY, BEFORE IT GOES AWAY!

BUT IN A MOMENT IT WAS VISIBLY LARGER AND DENSER...

HOW FAR IS IT, JARALSON?

THE WHITE CHURCH? A HALF MILE FARTHER.

BY THE WAY, HOLKER, IT'S NOT A CHURCH, BUT AN ABANDONED SCHOOLHOUSE, AND NEARBY IS A GRAVEYARD THAT WOULD DELIGHT A POET... DO YOU KNOW WHY I SENT FOR YOU?

YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU ARREST A CORPSE?

DO YOU REMEMBER 'BRANSCOM,' DETECTIVE?

THE CHAP WHO CUT HIS WIFE'S THROAT, OF COURSE. \$500 REWARD ON HIM. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY--

HE'S BEEN UNDER YOUR NOSE ALL THE TIME. BY NIGHT HE COMES TO THE OLD GRAVEYARD.





POOR DEVIL!

THE WORK OF A MANIAC. IT WAS DONE BY 'BRANSCOM' OR 'PARDEE,' OR WHOEVER HE IS.



LISTEN TO THIS:

"ENTHRALLED BY SOME MYSTERIOUS SPELL, I STOOD IN THE LIT GLOOM OF ENCHANTED WOOD, THE CYPRESS THERE AND MYRTLE TWINED THEIR BOUGHS, SIGNIFICANT, IN BALEFUL BROTHERHOOD."



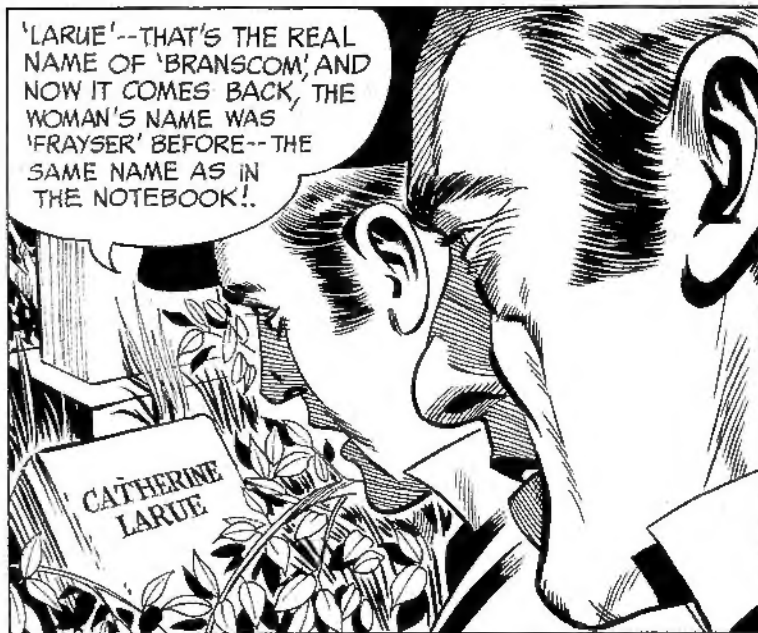
HALPIN FRAYSER

"...There brooding willow whispered to the yew;
Beneath the deadly nightshade and
the rue,
With immortelles self-woven into strange
Funeral shapes, and horrid nettles grew.
No song of bird nor any drones of bees,
Nor light leaf lifted by the wholesome breeze:
The air was stagnant all, and Silence was
A living thing that breathed among the trees.
I cried aloud!--the spell, unbroken still,
Rested upon my spirit and my will.
Unsouled, unhearted, hopeless and forlorn,
I strove with monstrous pressages of ill!
At last the viewless --"

THIS SOUNDS LIKE BAYNE, A CHAP WHO FLOURISHED MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO! I HAVE HIS COLLECTED WORKS. THIS POEM MUST HAVE BEEN OMITTED BY MISTAKE.

IT IS COLD, LET'S GET THE CORONER.





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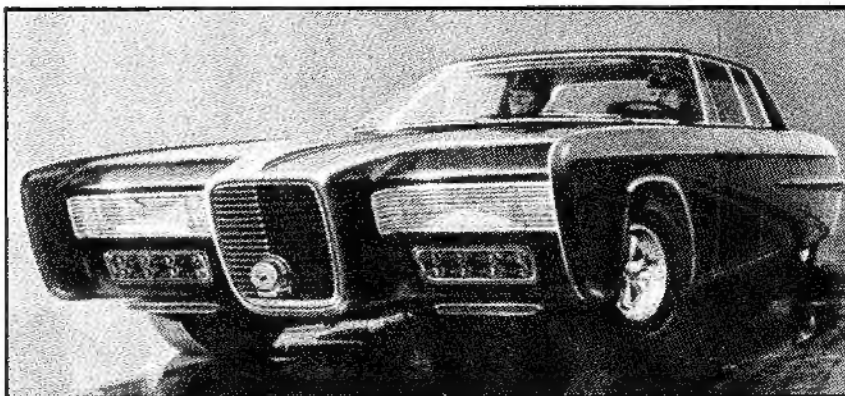
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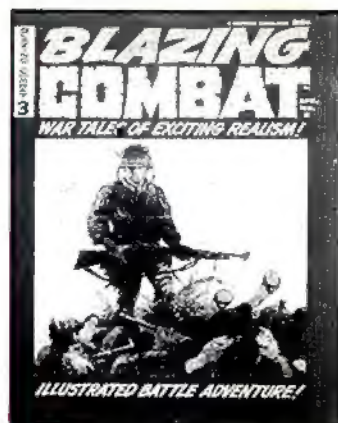
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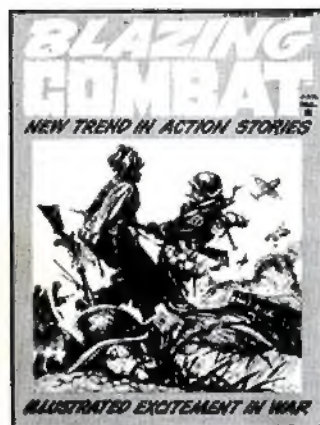


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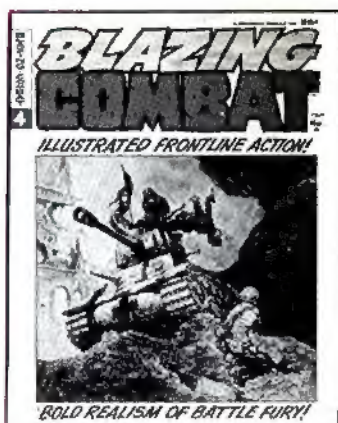
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